LOVE AND MONEY.

Love is potent, but money is omni Out in the twilight, alone in the lane,
All the old aweetness steals o'er me again;
All the old longing, forgotten of late,
Stirs in my heart as I stand at her gate;
Silent and dim is the cottage to-night,
Smothered in roses, cream-timed and white;
Jossamine klossoms besprinkle the sod,
Dusky and still are the paths that she trod.
Of for one moment, to meet her, and see
Just the old look, that shone only for met
Why an I sighing here—what can I do?
'L'amour fait beaucoup, mais Pargent fait tout.'

indule of the quadrangle, dispersed the renmants of the blaze, who had the pleasure of sechng the conspirators—who now thought that prudence was the better part of valor—retreat to their various quarters.

Angustus John Hamer, however, was not satisfied with this empty triumph. He was still boiling with fury. His dignity had been still boiling with fury that been set jat mangit. He had noticed that several of the conspirators had worn blackened masks, and he now proposed to his two colleagues to make a raid on the rooms of those whom they suspected to have been the ringleaders, and, if possible, to surprise them before they had doffed their disguise, it so bhappened that he had long suspected Sydney of being an unquiet spirit, so be directed this attack to his room. Entering the smaller quadrangle, he proceeded to a staircase on the west side, ascended one flight of stairs, knew by the printed name on the door that he was at the right apparament, knocked one; and without waiting for an answer, entered. But the room was nearly dark. There was a small fire burning on the hearth, throwing every now and then a flickering light over the room, but the room was very dark, and it felt cold and chilly, one window being wide open, and the night air blowing in. In site of the darkness, 'so eccupier of the room might be playing a trick; as might be conceased in a corner, or he might be in the smaller linner room—the bed room—which opened out of the bigger chamber, and the door of which was wide open. So the Dean advanced nearly to the fireplace. Then, as the fire smalled his property of the room might be playing a trick; as might be conceased in a corner, or he might be in the smaller linner room—the bed room—which opened out of the bigger chamber, and the door of which was wide open. So the Dean advanced nearly to the fireplace. Then, as the fire side of the darkness, 'Sr! Mr. (Sydney! Do you hear me! It is 1—Mr. Hauser—the Dean—it is I sir. Be polite enough to the sandler in the solid midtle enough to the solid midtle en

tirred. It gave a convulsive shivering then it uttered a deep shuddering groan all was still. There was no mistaking

that sound. In the deep silence of that chamber it struck upon the ear as awful, potentions, appalling. The Dean, not generally a timid man, shrank back in horror. What did this man?

Once more the fitfal firelight blazed up, and the blaze lasted full a quarter of a minute. A short time, but long enough for him to see that the face was ghastly pale, and that the hands were clutching the arms of the chair with a convulsive grip. For a moment the thought occurred, 'This may be all a sham.' What was that on the floor?—that small dark line creeping slowly from the chair to the fire? A fearful idea possessed his brain; he dropped on his knews—he touched it—it was wet—it was red. He, the strong man, staggered to his feet, rushed to the door, shricked for 'Help help?' was just conscious of people running, of lights, of noise, and then sank in a dead faint, overpowered by the slow-growing, suddenly realized horror of that dreadful night.

All were startled and excited. Each looked at his neighbor, and asked: 'Is there another mystery?' the property and once more at the slightest suggestion of a new cause for alarm. They followed Ratherton noise lessly through the smaller quadrangle to the gateway askended the stars, and found themselves in his room on the lirst floor. These rooms were very loty, being immediately over the porch, which itself was a fail one; so that the gateway and the chamber, in which they were now assembled, to gether reached as high as the three storres of the rest of the college. The property of the

'Noises!' said Ferrand, in a quick, short way.

'What noises!' Where!'

'Well, somewhere near where we are stauding now.' replied Rutherton; and he explained to Ferrand what had caused this sudden irruption into his room. Ferrand laughed—a hearty, honest-sounding laugh; not in the least like the sound of evil memory. After asking a few questions, he treated the whole matter as the result of excited nerves. 'Or eise,' he added, 'some friend of the porter's may have been indulging in a little revelry with him in the lodge, and, of course, distance would lend, not enchantment, but power to the sound.' So he laughed the event away. And on cooler reflection the others began to feel ashamed of their panie. To redeem their character as bold Britons they became very noisy, and ueroarious, and Ferrand aided and abetted them in the most successful manner. He joined in all the merriment, told amusing stories, produced wine and eatables, and proved a charming host. In this way an hour slipped by, and it was by this time nearly 1 in the morning—the late hours kept by collegians being then, as in the present day, proverbial.

Suddenly Ferrand exclaimed: 'But where on earth did those sounds you heard come from I I had a dream hast night that another murder would be committed in the college. A foolish fancy, you will say. Well, perhaps so. Yet I propose we patrof the buildings, and make a final inspection before going to bed.'

All looked measy. Rutherton shuddered. 'I wish you wouldn't speak in that soul-freezing kind of way, Ferrand. Another murder—impossible! What could put such a fancy into your brain!' Rutherton had by this time forgotten his previous fears.

'A currious fancy, indeed,' remarked Elworthy in his owiet way. 'Did you were the reunderer's

was reclining; he put his hand on his shoulder, and—

Who can tell what induced Butler at this moment to rise from his sent? Some sudden wave of mental foreboding perhaps it was. Whatever the cause, he rose, and wasked slowly to the door—opened it—opened the outer oak—

What are you doing? shouted Ferrand.

'I'm just going to see if the Dean is in his room,' said Butler. Oh—all right; don't be long; I've something to say to you, 'returned Ferrand; and he heard Butler knock at the Dean's door just opposite. Ferrand may have been disappointed at this exit. If he was, he did not show it by any viotent signs. At any rate, he was now by himself in the rocm; that was one advantage, and he knew Butler would soon come back. He looked carefully round. Nobody there. Then he thrust his right hand still deeper into his cont, and slowly drew from the breast of it a small but deadly instrument—the little Moorish dagger that two hours afterward was hanging above his fireplace. Did he always carry this ugly-looking 'plaything about with him? Or what was its use now? He 'held it in the ruddy glare of the fire; there were one or two dull places on the blade; he wiped it on his sleeve—but the spots would not come out. He felt the edge and the point; he was satisfied, and broke the stillness of the untenanted chamber by a grim and ghastly chuckle of delight. Low, unearthly, diabolical was that laugh of his; it rose fitfully, and fell again; it swelled into a ghastly paroxysm of ioyless merriment, then subsided; it hardly shirred his features, nor could it add to the hery, glecful sparkle of his eye. The Dean's door meanwhile had opened again, and Butler was crossing the narrow passage to his room. Ferrand had just time to thrust back his dagger into its hiding-place.

Ferrand! Are you here? shouted Butler, on the threshold, without entering.

'Of course I am, answered the other.

What on earth—Did you hear some one laughing—a most peculiar sound?'

'Come and sit down again? said Ferrand; upon my word you will make me'nervous. ¿Com

'Oh, dreadfui!' said Butler, seating himself once 'Oh, dreadful' said Butler, seating himself once again in his chair. '1 can't describe it. It sounded like a madman's laughter.'
'I am rather good at initating different people,' said Ferrand. 'Was the laugh something like this?' And again—was he jesting in his chair, and into that unearthly and monotonous chuckle. Butler looked at him in horror. He sat up in his chair, and gazed with fascinated yet dilated orbs at the un-

laughing lips that were uttering such fearful sounds—at the eyes that were sporkling with a light that was not the light of mirth.

'Ferrand!' he tried to shout—he could only whisper; 'What does this mean? What—what are you doing?'

III.

III.

It was quite three hours later that the group of collegians, among whom were Rutherton and Elworthy, was starting under Ferrand's guidance on its tour of inspection round the college to see that all was safe. I will not linger over this part of the story; the dreadful narrative draws to a close. Suffice it to say that after viviting several rooms, and finding no cause whatever for alarm, most of them began to consider that they had done enough for the protection of their fellow undergraduates, and the band of volanteer watchmen was about to disperse, when Ferrand suggested that they had not yet been near the Dean's room—perhaps it would be as well to see to his safety. The fancy tickled the others, inasmuch as the Dean might be supposed to be the guardian of the collegians, rather than the collegians of the Dean; and without thinking twice they started off for the Dean's staircase. Arrived at his room, however, they found his outer door closed, so they hardly considered that it would be advisable to rouse him from slumber. They turned away from the Dean's room and finished their evening's search in the chamber which had been that of Butler. The room was quite dark, the fire having gone out long before. The part just near the entrance was dimly illumined by the rays of the passage lamp; but the further end—near the firepiace—was in complete obscurity. One of the party felt his way to the mantelpiece in order to strike a light, while the others stood at the door.

Don't tumble over the arm-chair,' was Ferrand's warning.

Arm-chair? Where is it? I can see nothing in

that the perpetrator of the two outrages was a madraman.

A party of volunteers was detailed to break down the outer door leading up to the tower rooms. Willing hands and arms lent themselves to the work. It was clear that the murderer heard the sound of the blows administered to the ponderous wood-work, for from the first moment of their commencement all was silence in that looely upper chamber. Up to this time the little crowd gathered on the grass plot had heard that boolety outsungher, rising now and again on the still air of midnight, linked and subduced by distance, but etill with a peculiar glastly intonation of its own. But now the solitary laughter had ceased. At length the old oak door crashed in, and one or two of the leaders in the work sprang through the garding the fatal steel which he still bely which then presence and of the approach of danger, diagram, and paparently interrig unconscious both of their presence and of the approach of danger, diagram, apparently interrig unconscious both of their presence and of the approach of danger, diagram, apparently interrig unconscious both of their presence and of the approach of danger, diagram, apparently interrig unconscious both of their presence and of the approach of danger, diagram, apparently interriguations of the processing of the distant corners, near the window, stood Ferrand, apparently interriguations and the presence of the approach of danger, diagram, and laughing gently to himself. There could be no doubt that he was a manual. Gradually they drew round and quickly setzed him. He offered no resistance at all, but went on gibbeing to himself, with glassy eyes that evidently did not comprehend the import of what was going on around. The dagger was taken from him, and he was conveyed to the stairs firmly ectually decreased and the processing through fits of raving delirinm, but mercrially allowed to pass into insensibility at the last.

Syduey recovered, theagth his recovery was tendous, he explained before the careful presented in the facts

terrible case, the modus operandi adopted by Ferrand to luil his victime into security before striking the fatal blow. He said that on the night of the firework display he had gone back to his into one to look for more fuel, and had found his lights aiready burning, and Ferrand seated in an arm-chair before the fire. He was rather astonished at this, as he had not previously been very intimate with Ferrand, and previously been very intimate with Ferrand, and had, indeed, as he confessed, cared little to make his acquaintance, not being preposessed with his adparance. But on this occasion Ferrand made himself most agreeable, and gave some excuse the binself most agreeable, and gave some excuse the sade him to leave the bouffet to itself, which Sydney and the self-took another chur before the fire. Then he began to tell stories, to laught that the pendent provided him to sit down in the agreeable and the self-took another chur before known what a pleasant fellow he was, Finally, he pretended to be interested in a picture on the wall, which hing just above Sydney's head.

To look close at it, be drew

Prom The Leavenworth Times.

During his conversation with the gentlemen present the General spoke of his visit to Japan.

He said he had no trouble whatever with the people, as everywhere he found native Japanese who speak the English language fluently, the Government having introuced the language into the public schools. He says that in the interior districts of the country in almost every school precinct young people may be found who have never been away from home, and yet speak English in a manner that would be no discredit to Lindley Murray.

He says the school system in Japan is very prosperous, and that the higherbranches of science are taught in a much more simplified form than in this country.

He related some of the recodents of his dinear

taught in a much more simplified form than in this country.

He related some of the incidents of his dinner with the King of Siam, whom he describes as a young man about twenty-five years of age, and who speaks English fluently. He said the dinner surprised him, for he found nearly every dish much the same as those prepared for him in Paris. On inquiry he ascertained that the King employs a French cook constantly, and is endeavoring, it seems, to be up with the latest modes of cooking.

In Siam, as in other places, he found the English language the principal foreign language taught in the schools. He thought, he said, that when he started he should need a supply of French but found by experience that good English is the better language for a trip around the world. He thinks English is sure to be the common language for all nations, and that the more progressive countries, seeing this, are teaching it in their schools.

THE ROMANCE OF THE PRINCE OF HESSE-HOMBURG.

seeing this, are teaching it in their schools.

THE ROMANCE OF THE PRINCE OF RESSE-Brom The Quees.

Among the various royal and semi-royal houses which figure year by year in the pages of the "Almanae de Gotha" are those of Anhalt Dessan of Hesse-Homburg, though they have both of them been lately swallowed up, thanks to Prince Bismarck, in the new German Empire. It will be remembered by our readers that the Landgravine Louise of Anhalt-Dessan, widow of the Landgravie Gustav, sometime reigning Prince of Hesse-Homburg, and sister-in-law of his successor, the Landgrave Ferdinand died in the Summer of 1838, at the age of nearly sixty years at the Schloss of Homburg men Frankfort-on-the-Main. And, as some of the details of her early career are so romantic that they would seem to belong to the realms of fiction rather than those of reality, I will give here a short sketch of her life, presuming only that the facts advanced are not imaginary but literally and strictly happened as they are told in these columns.

The Princess Louise Frederica, daughter of the Hereditary Prince of Anhalt-Dessan, was born on March 1, 1798, and was little more than a shild, certainly not "out of her teens," when the Prince Ferdinand above-mentioned, happening to pay a visit to her father's Court, was struck with her extreme beauty and fell violently in lave with her. Unfortunately, however, he was not an eider son, and the young lady had even before this—though narrangement in his own favor, he was not albe to persunde the young lady's parents, or to gain his end. A hingering illness, during which Prince Ferdinand's reason was for some time despared of, was the immediate consequence of the marriage of the Princess, which was soleumised on the 17th of February, 1813. At last he recovered from the shock and reason having returned, he enfered the army of his fatherland, and, both on other battle fields and also at Waterloo, threw himself into their heavy on his hands, he now set out on a long course, in the week princes of apartment of the P

palace to his widowed sister-in-law. Long ranges of apartments separated their respective suites of rooms, and during the week the two royal personages never set eyes on each other; but every succeeding Sunday was a fête day to Prince Ferdinand, for upon that day he would regularly traverse, along with his counters the empty saloons which separated him from his beloved princess, and would enter most soberly and solemnly, yet with glowing eyes and a beating heart, the bondoir of his old love, and respectfully kiss her hand. After conversing with her for about an hour—seldom much more or much less—he would take up his hat and solemnly, and with almost gloom on his countenance, retrace his steps towards his own lonely apartments. The faithful subjects of the Landgrave so well knew the mood of their p-ince, and so thoroughly respected his feelings, that they seldom handed him any petitions except in the morning of Sunday, when his face was always radiant with joy, and he would have a smile, and almost a welcome, even for beggars.

The Princess died as already stated, in the year 1858; and from that time down to the day of his death the poor Landgrave remained inconsolable. At all events he became thenceforth a complete hermit, and lived in the strictest seclusion, wandering by day and night through the chambers of his lonely palace. An English traveller who visited the neighborhood of Hesse-Homburg in 1850 writes thus concerning him: "His subjects as well as the numerous tourists chiefly Englishmen, who every year visit the baths of Homburg, never get sight of him who formerly was so amiable; and he is supposed to be determined to end hi days in a small private chapel, before a statue of Princess Louise, his old never-firgotten lady love." It only remains to add that the Landgrave Ferdinand died on the eve of our Lady-day, in 1860, and that he was the last of his royal race. His small territory was in the same year incorporated with Prassia, and now forms a portion of the Empire of Germany. But for the war it would

WHY THE KING OF BURMAH GETS TIPSY-

From the Globe.

Mandalay revolutionary ideas are anything but connected in the popular mind with the temperance inovement. An expression of dissatisfaction with the existing forder jot things seems always to have been of late years accompanied with a very serious tendency to drink in high quarters. Similtaneously with the news of the late abortive attempt of the Nyoungoke Prince, came a telegram to say that King Thee Baw had commenced a heavy drinking bont in the Golden Palace. "Not that the Lord of all the White Elephants" is at all a merry boon-companion. He broaches not a cask out of light-heartedness, but rather flies to the brandy-bottle to drown dull care. In this he strongly resembles his famous, or rather infamous prolecessor, King Tharawadi, who took his wine sadly. He went positively mad with drink, and would stab a Minister or slice off a favorite's head like an Ivan of Russia when thus disposed. When it had got abroad in Mandalay that the great man had called for stimulants every one's head at the court shook upon his shoulders. Half the barbarities of this monster were committed when under the influence of brandy; and every insulit to the British flag was prompted by a draught of this Dutch courage. When in this state he put is death the favorite queen of his brother, Phagyisdan, whom he had deposed, and tortured out of this world the Ministers of the old postme; so that it was with a profound sigh of relief that every Barman, high or low, heard in the Summer of 1835 that his drinking days were over, and that the Pagan-Men had taken his place.

The late King, the; Mendon-Meo, stands out favorably among the recent sovereigns of Burmah as an example of sobriety to an intemperate court. He is said to have had a strong predilection for cock-fighting; but even this exhibitating pastime seems never to have tempted him to take a glass too much.

SAYE.—A Dutchman was relating his mar-